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DAWN OF ANGER



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**HOLIDAY
SPECIAL**



192 ACTION-PACKED PAGES

DAWN OF ANGER

IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE, ESPECIALLY IN THE FIERY PATHS OF WAR, THERE IS USUALLY THE MAN WHO MUST ALWAYS BE THE WINNER, NEVER THE LOSER.



SUCH A MAN WAS LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER BRUCE CORBETT, R.N. HIS BROTHER OFFICERS HAD NO DOUBT THAT HE WOULD GO FAR, BUT THEY RECKONED HIS PATH WOULD BE A LONELY ONE. FOR THE WINNER-AT-ALL-COSTS USUALLY GAINS EVERYTHING EXCEPT HIS OWN PEACE OF MIND:

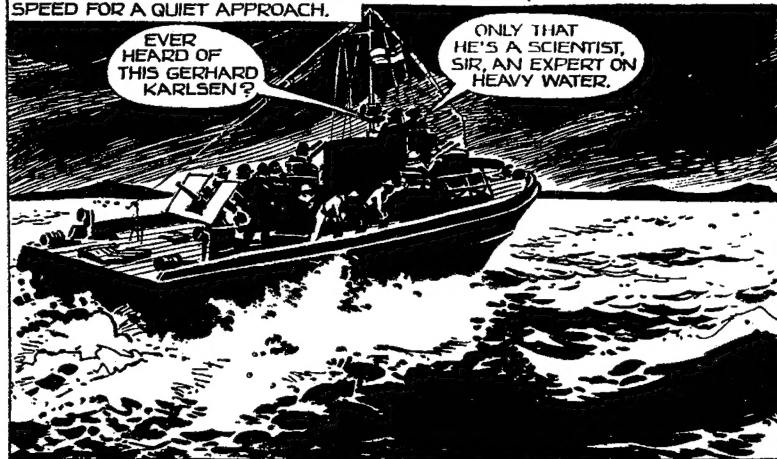
PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

Chapter 1. Opening Round

ON A NIGHT IN SEPTEMBER 1941, BRUCE CORBETT STARED FIXEDLY AT THE DARK SMUDGE OF COAST THAT LAY AHEAD OF HIS MOTOR LAUNCH. IT WAS NORWAY...



THE LAUNCH DROVE IN TOWARDS THE RENDEZVOUS, MOTORS AT HALF SPEED FOR A QUIET APPROACH.





CUT ENGINES, WATSON! EYES PEELED FOR TROUBLE!

AYE AYE, SIR.

IF CORBETT WAS DETERMINED TO WIN, IT DID NOT FOLLOW THAT HE EXPECTED THE GOING TO BE EASY. IN FACT, THE TOUGHER IT BECAME, THE SWEETER THE TASTE OF VICTORY.



SO FAR, HOWEVER, THE MISSION WAS GOING TO PLAN. THREE MEN AWAITED THEM ON THE BEACH.

GOOD! ONE OF THESE MUST BE GERHARD KARLSEN.

BUT THE MOMENT CORBETT STEPPED ASHORE, HE SENSED SOMETHING WAS WRONG...

I AM KARLSEN— BUT I HAVE CHANGED MY MIND! I AM NOT LEAVING NORWAY!

THE NAZIS HAVE SEIZED HIS YOUNGER BROTHER, KURT, YOU SEE.



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CORBETT TRIED TO INSIST THAT THE SCIENTIST SHOULD LEAVE, BUT HE FOUND KARLSEN AS STRONG-WILLED AS HIMSELF...



CORBETT TOOK THE SETBACK CALMLY, HIS BRAIN WORKING FAST. THIS WAS JUST THE SORT OF SITUATION HIS AGGRESSIVE SPIRIT FED ON. AFTER A FEW SHARP QUESTIONS ...



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THE SCIENTIST WAS OBVIOUSLY FINDING NEW HOPE IN CORBETT'S CONFIDENT ATTITUDE...



LEAVING TWO MEN WITH THE BOAT, CORBETT LED HIS PARTY INLAND ON THE DIRECTIONS OF THE NORWEGIANS...



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HALF-A-MILE FROM THE BEACH, THE LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER HALTED HIS MEN AND POINTED TO A ROCKY SLOPE NEARBY.



THE HIGH MOUND WITH ITS HOLLOWED SUMMIT STRUCK CORBETT AS A GOOD PLACE FROM WHICH TO COVER THEIR LINE OF RETREAT, FOR THE ENEMY WERE SURE TO INSTIGATE A VIGOROUS PURSUIT.





GERHARD KARLSEN SET OFF WITH HIS THREE-MAN ESCORT. CORBETT WATCHED THEM UNTIL THEY DISAPPEARED OVER THE DISTANT RIDGE, AND KEPT HIS OWN THOUGHTS...



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CORBETT LOWERED HIS GLASSES AND TURNED TO THE REST OF HIS PARTY. THE TWO NORWEGIANS LOOKED ANXIOUS.

WELL, THERE'S NOTHING TO DO NOW BUT WAIT. WE'LL GIVE THEM HALF-AN-HOUR.



USUALLY A MAN OF ACTION, CORBETT FOUND THE WAITING IRKSOME, BUT IRON PATIENCE, AS HE REMINDED HIMSELF, HAD SEVERAL TIMES BEFORE GIVEN HIM THE WINNING TRICK ...

...AND I INTEND TO WIN THIS TRICK, NO MATTER HOW GREAT THE DIFFICULTIES!



SUDDENLY, THE RATHER WILD-LOOKING FIGURE OF GERHARD KARLSEN CAME HURRYING OVER THE DISTANT SKYLINE, FLINGING BACK GLANCES AS IF FEARING PURSUIT...



CORBETT FOCUSED HIS GLASSES ON THE RIDGE, INSTANTLY SEARCHING FOR THE ENEMY WHO MUST SURELY BE CLOSE BEHIND THE SCIENTIST...



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THE REPLY WAS INSTANT AND SAVAGE AS THE GERMANS' SCHEISSERS POURED A TORRENT OF FIRE UPON THE SMALL GROUP IN THE HOLLOW.



IT SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE THAT ANY OF CORBETT'S PARTY COULD SURVIVE THAT TERRIBLE POINT-BLANK VOLLEY...



BUT, BY SOME MIRACLE, CORBETT HIMSELF WAS SPARED. DESPITE A BULLET-SHATTERED SHOULDER, HE MANAGED TO FORCE HIMSELF TO STILLNESS, FEIGNING DEATH.

STUPID, MISGUIDED ENGLANDERS!



THE GERMAN LIEUTENANT PRODDED ONE OF THE LIMP BODIES WITH HIS FOOT AND SHRUGGED.

IN TWO HOURS IT WILL BE DAYLIGHT. THEN WE WILL RETURN AND COLLECT THESE BODIES FOR IDENTIFICATION.

JAWOHL, HERR LEUTNANT.



AS THE GERMAN PATROL MARCHED AWAY, CORBETT LIFTED HIMSELF UP AGONISINGLY.

TWO HOURS / THAT GIVES ANY OF US WHO HAVE SURVIVED, A SLIM CHANCE OF GETTING AWAY!



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BUT A QUICK, HORRIFIED LOOK AT HIS MOTIONLESS COMPANIONS TOLD CORBETT THAT THERE WERE NO OTHER SURVIVORS. HE TURNED DARK, HATE-FILLED EYES TO WHERE HE HAD LAST SEEN THE NORWEGIAN SCIENTIST, GERHARD KARLSEN.



KARLSEN MUST
HAVE GIVEN OUR
POSITION AWAY, AFTER
ALL / THE RAT
BETRAYED US.



RIGHT, MISTER
KARLSEN / I'LL BE
BACK FOR YOU / BY
ALL THE STARS -
I'LL BE BACK /

Chapter 2. Losing Streak

IT WAS THIS INWARD FURY, RATHER THAN HIS WANING STRENGTH, THAT DROVE BRUCE CORBETT ON TOWARDS THE BEACH. SUDDENLY, A DARK FORM STEPPED OUT FROM THE SHADOWS AHEAD...



A FEW STUMBLING STEPS AND THE LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER SAW THAT THE MAN WAS A YOUNG NORWEGIAN...



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THE STRANGER IMMEDIATELY TORE STRIPS OFF HIS OWN SHIRT AND PROCEEDED TO BANDAGE CORBETT'S WOUND...

I THOUGHT I HEARD SHOOTING.

YES, YOU HEARD SHOOTING. ALL RIGHT AT POINT-BLANK RANGE! IT WAS A MASSACRE!



CORBETT'S LOOK WAS DARK WITH THE BITTER MEMORY OF IT...

THE NAZIS KILLED MY MEN, EVERY ONE OF THEM. MURDERED THEM—AND ONE OF YOUR PEOPLE, GERHARD KARLSEN, WAS TO BLAME FOR IT!



KARLSEN BETRAYED OUR POSITION TO THE GERMAN PATROL. I SAW HIM DO IT WITH MY OWN EYES. BUT HE'LL PAY FOR IT—BY HEAVENS, HE WILL!

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WITH THE BANDAGING DONE AND A ROUGH SLING IN PLACE, THE STRANGER EARNESTLY PLEADED WITH THE ENGLISHMAN...

NOW YOU GO BACK TO ENGLAND, YES ? TAKE ME WITH YOU - PLEASE TAKE ME !

WELL, IF YOU'RE SO SET ON IT - ALL RIGHT.



SUPPORTED BY THE STRONG YOUNG NORWEGIAN, CORBETT SET OFF FOR THE WAITING BOAT.

YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME YOUR NAME.

WELL, JUST CALL ME FRIK, SIR - EVERYBODY DOES.



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SOMEHOW, THE DIFFICULT CLIFF DESCENT WAS MADE AND CORBETT WAS SOON SEATED MOROSELY IN THE SHIP'S BOAT AS TWO OF THE WAITING CREW ROWED IT TO THE LAUNCH.



AS THE MOTOR LAUNCH SET COURSE FOR ENGLAND, CORBETT TOLD HIS SECOND-IN-COMMAND WHAT HAD OCCURRED.



PRESENTLY, CORBETT LOOKED UP FROM HIS BROODING AND NOTICED WITH SURPRISE THAT YOUNG FRIK HAD CHANGED INTO THE UNIFORM OF THE NORWEGIAN NAVY...



WELL SAID, YOUNGSTER!

BUT CRUEL FATE HAD NOT FINISHED WITH CORBETT AND HIS MEN YET. THE LAUNCH HAD NOT GONE FAR WHEN HER COURSE TOOK HER WITHIN SIGHT OF ANOTHER VESSEL.



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NOT EVEN THE MOTOR LAUNCH'S SPEED COULD SAVE IT, HOWEVER. A THREE-INCH SHELL SLAMMED INTO THE ENGINE ROOM AND ANOTHER TORE HER FLIMSY SIDE WIDE OPEN. A GUTTURAL COMMAND RANG OVER THE DARK WATERS...

PUT DOWN
YOUR ARMS,
ENGLANDERS.
A BOAT WILL TAKE
YOU OFF.



THE GERMAN CAPTAIN CAST AN APPRECIATIVE
EYE OVER HIS CAPTIVES...

ACH, SO! WE HAVE
CAUGHT SOME MIXED
FISH IN OUR NET, EH?
THE BRITISH AND THE
NORWEGIAN NAVY...



FOR THE HAPLESS PRISONERS OF WAR THERE FOLLOWED THE LONG WAITING, THE ENDLESS QUESTIONING. UNTIL, FINALLY, THEY ENTERED THE GRIM CONFINES OF A GERMAN PRISON CAMP.



IN THE FIRST BITTER DAYS THERE, ONLY ONE FIERCE THOUGHT KEPT BRUCE CORBETT FROM OUTRIGHT DESPAIR.



MUTUAL MISFORTUNE BROUGHT CORBETT AND THE YOUNG NORWEGIAN TOGETHER...

I LOST, FRIK—
AND I COULD NEVER
STAND BEING THE
LOSER. ALWAYS, I
HAD TO WIN —



Dawn Of Anger

THE DREARY DAYS TURNED INTO DREARIER WEEKS AND ESCAPE SEEMED AS FAR OFF AS EVER. THEN, ONE DAY BRUCE CORBETT NOTICED SOME NEW ACTIVITY WITHIN THE CAMP...

THOSE JERRY
TAR SPRAYERS,
FRIK — THEIR
OVERALLS WOULD
NICELY COVER OUR
UNIFORMS...

YOU MEAN,
ESCAPE ? BOTH
OF US ?



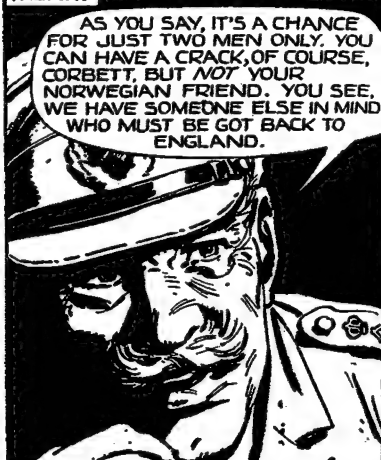
HAVING CAREFULLY NOTED THE ROUTINE OF THE WORKMEN FOR A DAY OR SO, CORBETT PUT HIS IDEA BEFORE THE ESCAPE COMMITTEE...



EVERY MEAL-TIME,
THOSE TAR SPRAYERS
LEAVE THEIR OVERALLS
ON THE JOB. THEY ALSO
LEAVE THAT TRUCK
UNATTENDED...

HE WENT ON TO OUTLINE HIS PLAN...

THE SENIOR BRITISH OFFICER GAVE THE PLAN EARNEST CONSIDERATION. THEN...



CORBETT'S REACTION WAS TYPICAL OF A MAN OBSESSED WITH WINNING NO MATTER THE FEELINGS OF THE LOSER...



BRUCE CORBETT WENT OUT WITH NO MORE THAN A RUEFUL SHRUG FOR THE ONE WHO HAD BOTH BEFRIENDED AND AIDED HIM. BUT THE NORWEGIAN DID NOT GIVE UP SO EASILY...



Dawn Of Anger

ENCOURAGED, THE YOUNG NORWEGIAN PLUNGED INTO AN ACCOUNT OF THAT TERRIBLE NIGHT IN NORWAY WHEN THE BRITISH RAIDERS WERE MASSACRED.

CORBETT THINKS A MAN CALLED GERHARD KARLSEN WAS TO BLAME. HIS WHOLE AIM IN LIFE IS TO GET BACK TO NORWAY AND KILL THAT MAN.



SWIFTLY, YOUNG KURT KARLSEN WENT ON TO EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED THAT NIGHT. HOW HIS OLDER BROTHER HAD LED THE BRITISH TO THE PRISON CAMP AND HELPED TO SET HIM FREE...



...THEN IN THE CONFUSION AND THE FIGHTING, WE GOT SPLIT UP. I RAN FOR MY LIFE.



THEN I CAME UPON CORBETT, WHO WAS WOUNDED. HE RAVED AGAINST MY BROTHER GERHARD, SAYING HE WOULD KILL HIM FOR GIVING AWAY THEIR POSITION.

BUT CORBETT IS WRONG, *WRONG!* MY BROTHER WOULD LOSE AN ARM RATHER THAN BETRAY THE BRITISH. SO YOU SEE, I MUST GO WITH CORBETT TO STOP HIM KILLING MY BROTHER.



H'MM!

Dawn Of Anger

AFTER SOME PRIVATE DISCUSSION, THE ESCAPE COMMITTEE MADE UP ITS MIND AFRESH ...



EAGERLY, KURT KARLSEN RUSHED TO TELL A TENSE CORBETT THE NEWS THAT THEY WERE TO TRY TO ESCAPE TOGETHER.



Chapter 3. Intent to Kill

IT WAS WITH MOUNTING TENSION THE NEXT DAY THAT CORBETT AND KURT AWAITED THE GERMAN WORKMEN'S BREAK FOR THEIR MIDDAY MEAL.



AT A SIGNAL FROM CORBETT, FELLOW PRISONERS STAGED A NOISY "FIGHT" TO DISTRACT THE GUARD'S ATTENTION...



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UNDER COVER OF THE UPROAR, CORBETT AND KURT SNATCHED UP THE TAR-SPRAYERS' OVERALLS AND DARTED TO THE BLIND SIDE OF A HUT. SPEED WAS EVERYTHING...



MERE SECONDS LATER...



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AT THE GATE, KURT WAS READY WITH HIS PIECE IN GERMAN, INFORMING THE SENTRIES THERE THAT THEY WERE GOING TO FETCH MORE CREOSOTE...

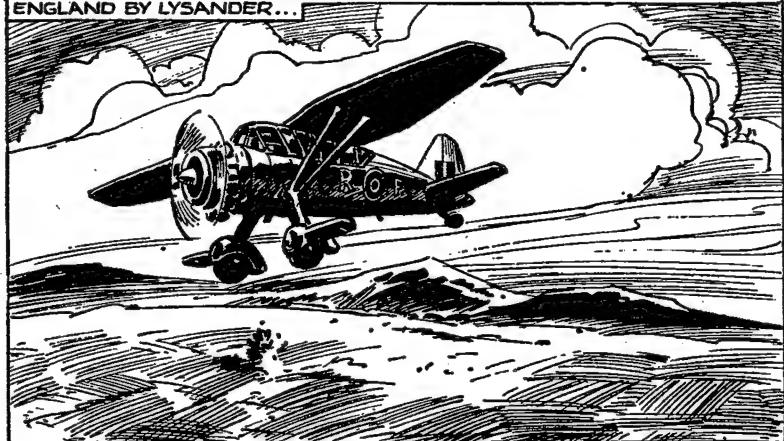


TEN MORE SECONDS AND THEY WERE OUT OF THE CAMP AND ACCELERATING AWAY TO FREEDOM...



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BUT THERE WAS NOTHING EASY ABOUT THE SLOW TORTUOUS TRAIN RIDES ACROSS GERMANY UNTIL, STARVED AND FILTHY, THEY REACHED FRANCE. THERE, THEY WERE PASSED ALONG A CHAIN OF BRAVE FRENCH RESISTANCE WORKERS AND AT LAST WERE FLOWN BACK TO ENGLAND BY LYSANDER...



AS SOON AS HE WAS FIT AGAIN, CORBETT HURRIED BACK TO HIS BASE IN SCOTLAND, TAKING WITH HIM THE MAN HE STILL KNEW AS FRIK.

YOU'LL FIT INTO OUR SET-UP FINE, FRIK. I CAN PROMISE YOU PLENTY OF ACTION.

IT SUITS ME VERY WELL.



IT LOOKED A FRIENDLY MOVE ON CORBETT'S PART BUT KURT WAS NOT FOR A MOMENT DECEIVED ...

HE ONLY WANTS ME BY HIM BECAUSE I'LL BE USEFUL IN FINDING GERHARD, BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT I'M USING HIM FOR THE VERY SAME PURPOSE!



Dawn Of Anger

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WHEN BRUCE CORBETT WAS SETTLED BACK INTO THINGS, HE ASKED TO SEE HIS BASE COMMANDER, REAR-ADMIRAL CROSBY...



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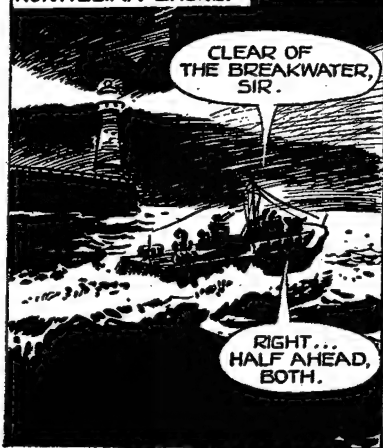
IT TOOK ALL OF LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER CORBETT'S DOGGED PERSISTENCE TO GET THE ADMIRAL'S CONSENT. WHEN HE DID SO, THERE WAS QUITE A HUM IN THE MESS.



NOW CORBETT WENT ABOUT HIS MISSION WITH A FIXED INTENSITY, LAYING AND CHECKING HIS PLANS, HAND-PICKING THE CRAFT AND THE MEN. THEN CAME THE BRIEFING...



A NIGHT WITH A LATE MOON WAS CHOSEN. THE SPRING TIDE WOULD CARRY THEM WELL INTO THE NORWEGIAN SHORE.



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AS THE LAUNCH CLOSED TO THE SHORE, KURT SENSED CORBETT'S EYES UPON HIM.



RECOGNISE THE SPOT, FRIK ?

YES, THIS IS WHERE YOU LANDED BEFORE, IS IT NOT ?

AT FIRST, THEY APPEARED TO HAVE MADE THEIR LANDING UNSEEN. BUT THE ENEMY WAS PLAYING A WAITING GAME...



AGH !

CURSE IT ! THEY'RE ON TO US ALREADY !

CAUGHT IN THAT SUDDEN VICIOUS CROSSFIRE, THE FEW WHO HAD LANDED WERE HIT HARD. CORBETT COULD GIVE ONLY ONE ORDER...



BACK TO THE BOATS !

Dawn Of Anger

IT WAS A GRIMLY SILENT LAUNCH THAT BROUGHT BACK THE MAILED SURVIVORS OF THAT BRIEF AND FUTILE RAID.



BUT THIS DEFEAT DID NOTHING BUT ADD FUEL TO THE SMOULDERING FIRE OF CORBETT'S INFLEXIBLE PURPOSE...



A WEEK LATER, CORBETT MADE A SECOND ATTEMPT. BUT THIS WAS EVEN MORE DISASTROUS THAN THE FIRST...



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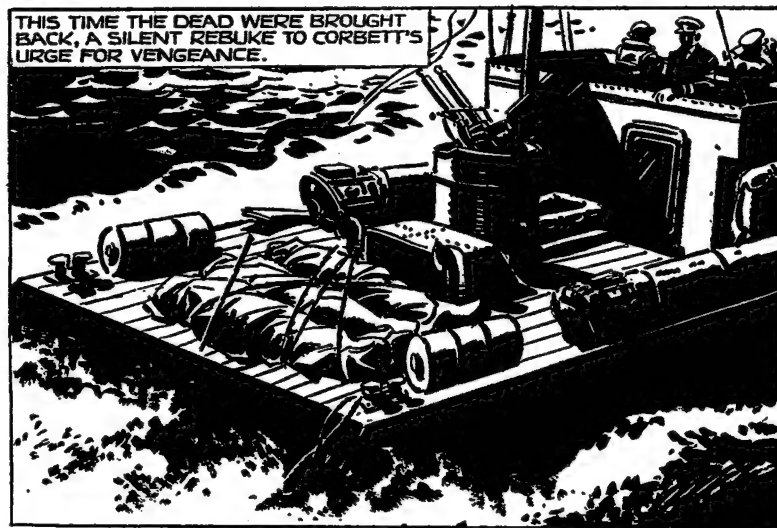
GERMAN MACHINE GUNS SEEMED EVERYWHERE ALONG THAT STRETCH OF LONELY COAST. NOT A YARD OF WATER OR BEACH WAS NOT COVERED BY THEM.



IN SAVAGE FURY, CORBETT GAVE FIGHT, PITTING THE LAUNCH'S FEW WEAPONS AGAINST THE MASSED FIRE-POWER OF THE ENEMY...



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AFTER THAT FIASCO, CORBETT BECAME A SILENT WITHDRAWN MAN, WELL AWARE OF THE GENERAL FEELING ABOUT HIM ...



THE SENIOR OFFICERS WERE ALSO TROUBLED. AFTER SOME DISCUSSION, THEY SUMMONED THE YOUNG NORWEGIAN BEFORE THEM.



BUT THE OLDER MAN HAD OTHER THINGS TO CONSIDER THAN A MAN'S LIKES AND DISLIKES...



Dawn Of Anger

KURT DESCRIBED HIS IDEA TO SUCH EFFECT THAT HE CAME AWAY FROM THE MEETING WITH PERMISSION FOR ONE MORE TRY AT NORWAY.



WHEN KURT BROKE THE NEWS TO LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER CORBETT, HE SAW THE ENGLISHMAN TURN AWAY TO CONCEAL HIS SAVAGE SATISFACTION...



Chapter 4. Moment of Revenge

FOR THE THIRD ATTEMPT TO REACH GERHARD KARLSEN, BRUCE CORBETT WAS GIVEN A PARTY OF TOUGH MARINE COMMANDOS. ADMIRAL CROSBY HIMSELF CAME TO SAY A FEW LAST WORDS BEFORE THEY EMBARKED.



A GREAT DEAL OF EFFORT HAS ALREADY BEEN SPENT ON ONE MAN, BUT THIS SCIENTIST COULD BE A VITAL AID IN OUR SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH. GO AND GET HIM, AND GOOD LUCK!

FROM THE BRIDGE OF THE M.T.B. THAT WAS TO TAKE THEM TO NORWAY, KURT WATCHED LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER CORBETT AND KNEW THAT THE HOUR OF RECKONING WAS CLOSE.

NOTHING WILL STOP BRUCE CORBETT GETTING HIS HANDS ON MY BROTHER—AND THAT IS WHERE I MUST STEP IN!

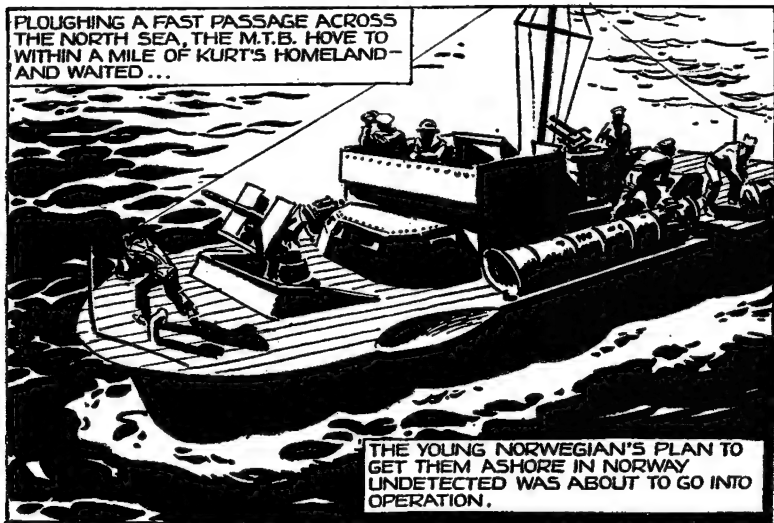


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AS THEY SLIPPED THEIR MOORINGS AND SPED AWAY INTO THE NIGHT, CORBETT, TOO, WAS LOST IN HIS OWN GRIM THOUGHTS.



PLOUGHING A FAST PASSAGE ACROSS THE NORTH SEA, THE M.T.B. HOVE TO WITHIN A MILE OF KURT'S HOMELAND—AND WAITED...



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AT LAST, THE VESSEL THEY WERE AWAITING,
A HOPPER BARGE, CAME INTO SIGHT.



THE M.T.B.'S ENGINES THROBBED INTO LIFE AND CORBETT
SKILFULLY CONNED HIS CRAFT ALONGSIDE THE BARGE.



Dawn Of Anger

THE FEW GERMANS WERE SWIFTLY OVERWHELMED AND, ALTHOUGH AT FIRST RELUCTANT, THE BARGE SKIPPER ALLOWED HIMSELF TO BE DRAWN INTO THE SCHEME.

ALL WE WANT IS TO BE SMUGGLED INTO HARBOUR.

IF YOU'RE CAUGHT, YOU CAN ALWAYS SAY WE FORCED YOU.

VERY WELL, I AGREE.

HAVING DUMPED ITS SOIL, THE HOPPER BARGE MADE ITS ROUTINE RETURN TO HARBOUR, LEAVING THE M.T.B. AT ANCHOR OUT AT SEA WITH A SKELETON CREW ABOARD.



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THE MOMENT THE BARGE WAS ALONGSIDE THE QUAY, CORBETT AND HIS COMMANDOS DARTED ASHORE INTO THE SHADOWS. THEY WERE NOT SEEN.



ONCE AMID THE FAMILIAR STREETS OF HIS BOYHOOD, KURT KARLSEN LED THEM BY DEVIOUS WAYS UNTIL HE BROUGHT THEM TO A HIGH POINT IN THE COUNTRY BEYOND.



Dawn Of Anger

CORBETT'S EYES GLEAMED,
HIS SHOULDERS HUNCHED
FORWARD MENACINGLY.

GERHARD
KARLSEN—HERE
I COME AT
LAST!

LIKE PHANTOMS, THE COMMANDOS CLOSED IN ON
THE GATES LEADING INTO THE GROUNDS.



Dawn Of Anger

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ONE BY ONE, THE OBSTACLES BARRING
THEIR WAY TO THE HOUSE WERE OVERCOME.
FIRST THE UNSUSPECTING GUARD...



THEN THE TANGLED BARBED
WIRE BARRIERS THAT RINGED
THE GROUNDS...

UNTIL, AT LAST, THEY CAME CLOSE
TO THE BUILDING ITSELF.



Dawn Of Anger

HUNTING FROM THEIR EXERTIONS, CORBETT AND HIS PARTY STOLE TOWARDS THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE. ALL WAS DARK, SHUTTERED AND SILENT.



FACE SET, BRUCE CORBETT STEPPED FORWARD— ONLY TO BE PULLED BACK BY THE TENSE YOUNG NORWEGIAN.



CORBETT STARED UNBELIEVINGLY AT THE OTHER AND THEN GAVE A SNORT OF ANGER ...

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU / YOU'RE SAYING THAT JUST TO SAVE ONE OF YOUR OWN KIND.

LISTEN, CORBETT, / I WILL GO IN AND FIND MY BROTHER—NOT YOU!



SUDDENLY, KURT RAISED HIS REVOLVER, ITS MUZZLE AIMED ROCK-STEADY AT CORBETT'S HEART...

DO YOU HEAR? I GO IN—NOT YOU!

WHY, YOU TREACHEROUS SNAKE!



THEN CORBETT EXPLODED INTO LIGHTNING-SWIFT ACTION ...



Dawn Of Anger

KURT FELL UNCONSCIOUS AND CORBETT, WITH HARDLY A SECOND GLANCE AT THAT PRONE FORM, LED THE RUSH TOWARDS THE HOUSE.



SWARMING INTO THE HOUSE, CORBETT BURST INTO ONE ROOM AFTER ANOTHER - ALWAYS WITH THE SAME HARSH DEMAND ...



MEANWHILE, KURT HAD RECOVERED HIS SENSES. LOOKING UP TOWARDS THE HOUSE, HE HEARD A VOICE HE INSTANTLY RECOGNISED...



DESPITE HIS ACHING HEAD, HE FLUNG HIMSELF TOWARDS THE HOUSE AND BEGAN TO CLAMBER FEVERISHLY UPWARDS...



BUT AS HE DRAGGED HIMSELF ON TO THE BALCONY, HE RECOGNISED ONE OF THE VOICES WITHIN THE ROOM AS GERMAN...



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BY THIS TIME, CORBETT AND HIS MEN WERE POUNDING UP THE STAIRCASE...



THE LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER CRASHED OPEN THE DOOR OF THE ROOM JUST AS KURT BURST IN THROUGH THE BALCONY WINDOWS.



KURT CRIED OUT IN PROTEST BUT CORBETT'S ANGRY GAZE HAD SUDDENLY SWITCHED TO THE GERMAN. A LOOK OF RECOGNITION DAWNED ...



STOP, CORBETT, YOU MUST NOT DO THIS!

YOU! I KNOW YOUR FACE, YOU GERMAN RAT!

CORBETT SUDDENLY REMEMBERED THAT HARD TEUTON FACE IN ANOTHER SETTING, ON A NIGHT WHICH HAD HAUNTED HIM FOR SO LONG...

YOU WERE THE DEVIL WHO HAD MY MEN SHOT WHERE THEY LAY-AND THEN KICKED THEIR DEAD BODIES! MURDERER!



MENACINGLY, CORBETT'S PISTOL WAVERED BETWEEN GERMAN AND NORWEGIAN...

AND YOU WERE THE ONE WHO BETRAYED OUR POSITION... YOU, THE MAN WE HAD COME TO RESCUE! TREACHEROUS CUR!



BETRAYED YOU?
NO!

Dawn Of Anger

CORBETT SEEMED DEAF TO ANY DENIALS. HIS FINGER TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGER...



DEATH WAS ONLY A FRACTION OF A SECOND AWAY—AS KURT FLUNG HIMSELF IN FRONT OF THE LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER'S GUN, HIS OWN REVOLVER AT THE GERMAN OFFICER'S THROAT...



CORBETT STARED, HIS MOUTH WORKING, HIS MIND GROPPING FOR UNDERSTANDING OF THIS STATEMENT. MONTHS OF FERMENTING HATE AGAINST THE MAN, GERHARD KARLSEN, WAS NOT TO BE SO EASILY SWEEPED ASIDE.



SNATCHING THE HALF-CHANCE OFFERED IN THAT VITAL MOMENT OF TRUTH, HAUPTMANN KNELLER GRABBED KURT'S GUN AND THREW HIMSELF TOWARDS THE OPEN WINDOW.



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BUT CORBETT WAS AFTER HIM. THEIR PISTOLS FIRED SIMULTANEOUSLY...



GERHARD KARLSEN WAS JUST IN TIME TO CATCH THE LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER AS HE STAGGERED BACK INTO THE ROOM...



HALF-AN-HOUR LATER, CORBETT CAME ROUND FROM A DOSE OF ETHER TO FIND HIMSELF LAID OUT ON A TABLE, HIS SHOULDER THROBBING WITH PAIN...



IT WAS STILL A RATHER DAZED AND CONFUSED CORBETT WHO WAS HELPED TO A CHAIR AND OFFERED A REVIVING DRINK...



Dawn Of Anger

WHEN CORBETT FELT EQUAL TO IT, THE PARTY PREPARED ITSELF FOR THE FIGHT BACK TO THE COAST WHERE THE M.T.B. WAS TO RENDEZVOUS WITH THEM. IT WOULD NOT BE EASY, BUT GERHARD KARLSEN WAS CONTENT TO PUT HIMSELF IN THE HANDS OF THE FIERY LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER.

THIS IS WHERE,
MY DEAR CORBETT,
WE SHALL BE GRATEFUL
FOR THE TALENT YOU
HAVE FOR WINNING!

STICK BY ME AND
WE SHALL GET THROUGH,
NEVER FEAR. I'VE COME
TOO FAR TO FAIL NOW!



PRESS ON!

DURING THE SECOND WORLD WAR, THE R.A.F. HAD AN IMAGINARY CHARACTER CALLED "PILOT OFFICER PRUNE," WHO WAS ALWAYS DOING THINGS WRONG. THEY MUST HAVE MODELLED HIM ON PILOT OFFICER HORACE WIMPLE.

WHAT THE DEVIL'S KEEPING WIMPLE? EVERY OTHER AIRCRAFT HAS TAXIIED OUT FOR TAKE-OFF...



EVEN HORACE'S CREW, WHO WERE USED TO HIM, WERE GETTING RESTLESS...

HURRY UP THE COCKPIT CHECK, SKIPPER. WE'RE A BIT LATE.

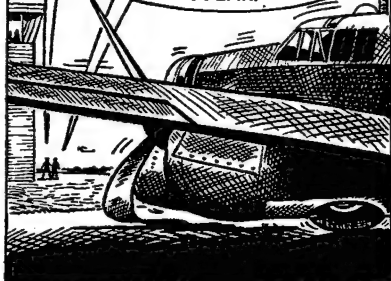


THESE THINGS HAVE TO BE DONE ACCORDING TO THE BOOK, OLD CHAP. WHAT'S NEXT - UNDERCARRIAGE...

NEXT MOMENT...

GOOD GRIEF! THE BLITHERING IDIOT'S RETRACTED HIS UNDERCART!

I'LL CLEAR THE REST FOR TAKE-OFF, SIR - OUR HORACE WON'T BE JOINING THEM TODAY, I FEAR.



WING COMMANDER LACEY, A TOLERANT MAN, WAS ALSO USED TO HORACE WIMPLE...

YOU'VE PUT UP ANOTHER BLACK WIMPLE! YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF PILOTING A DESK IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL!

I'M VERY SORRY, SIR - IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, SIR...



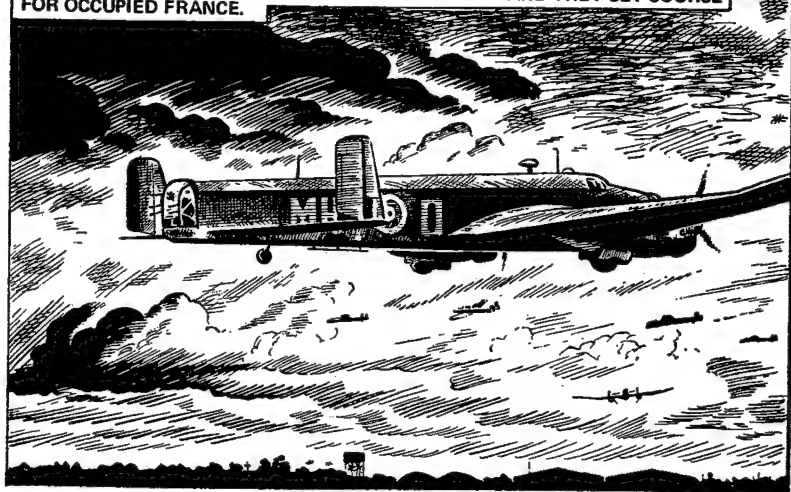
SO HORACE WAS GIVEN A REPRIEVE AND HE SET OFF ON THE SQUADRON'S NEXT OPERATION, FULL OF GOOD INTENTIONS...

NO NONSENSE THIS TIME, EH, WIMPLE? PRESS ON REGARDLESS - RIGHT?

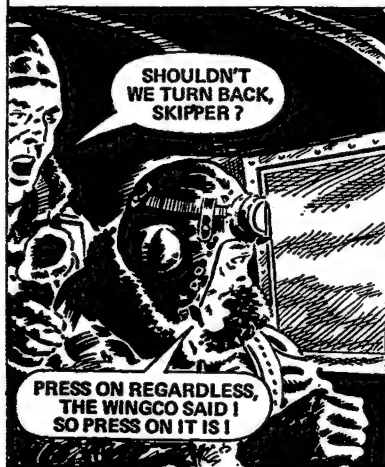
PRESS ON REGARDLESS! YES, SIR! YOU CAN RELY ON THAT, SIR.



HORACE'S AIRCRAFT TOOK OFF WITHOUT MISHAP - AND THEY SET COURSE FOR OCCUPIED FRANCE.



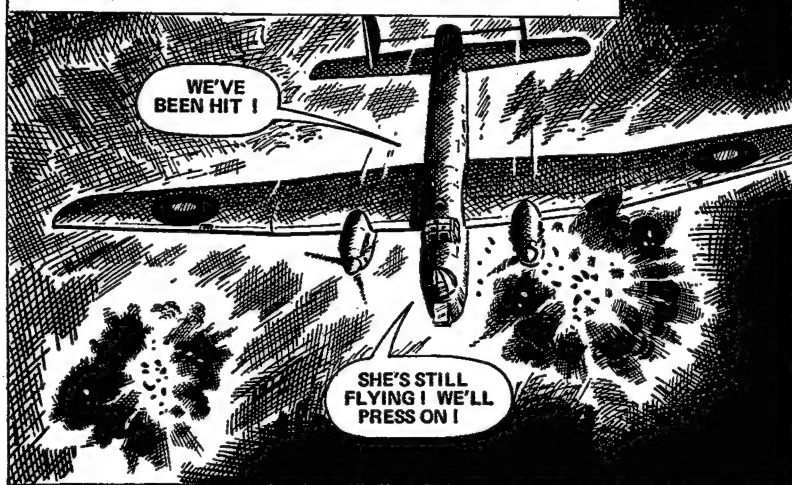
BUT HALFWAY ACROSS THE CHANNEL,
THEY RAN INTO A BELT OF FOG ...



THIRTY MINUTES LATER THEY WERE
CROSSING THE FRENCH COAST ...



FOR ONCE, THE ENEMY'S PREDICTED FIRE WAS ACCURATE ...



THE FLAK BARRIER WAS LEFT BEHIND AND THE WHITLEY LUMBERED ON BRAVELY ...

PORT ENGINE'S
A BIT ROUGH. HOW LONG TO
TARGET, NAVIGATOR?

TWENTY MINUTES,
SKIPPER - THOUGH HOW
CAN WE EXPECT TO SEE A
JERRY AIRFIELD
IN THIS?

ONE ENGINE FALTERING BADLY, THE WHITLEY DRUMMED ON THROUGH THE FOG FOR TWENTY MINUTES...

SKIPPER!
THERE'S A BREAK
IN THE MIST
AHEAD.

SUDDENLY, THROUGH THE GAP IN THE FOG, THEY SAW AN AIRFIELD ...

THE TARGET!
BOMB-AIMER ...

THE FAILING ENGINE STOPPED AS HORACE CIRCLED FOR HIS BOMB RUN.

CAN'T HOLD HER
FOR LONG! GOING IN
NOW, BOMB-AIMER...



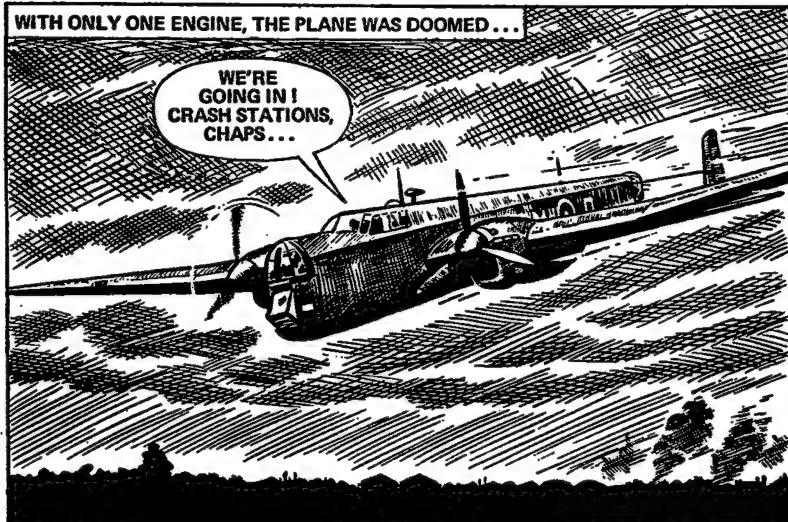
IT WAS NOT AN IDEAL BOMBING
ATTACK FOR THE AIRCRAFT WAS
LOSING HEIGHT - FAST...

BOMBS GONE!



WITH ONLY ONE ENGINE, THE PLANE WAS DOOMED...

WE'RE
GOING IN!
CRASH STATIONS,
CHAPS...



EVEN THOUGH HE AND HIS CREW WERE FATED TO BECOME PRISONERS OF WAR, HORACE WAS NOT DOWN-HEARTED ...



IT WAS A PRETTY GOOD CRASH-LANDING — ALL THINGS CONSIDERED.



WITH THE WHITLEY BURNING FIERCELY, HORACE WIMPLE AND HIS CREW SET OFF AT A RUN ...



THEY FLUNG THEMSELVES INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE LONELY BARN ...

WE CAN'T BE FAR FROM THAT JERRY AIRFIELD WE BOMBED, SKIPPER !

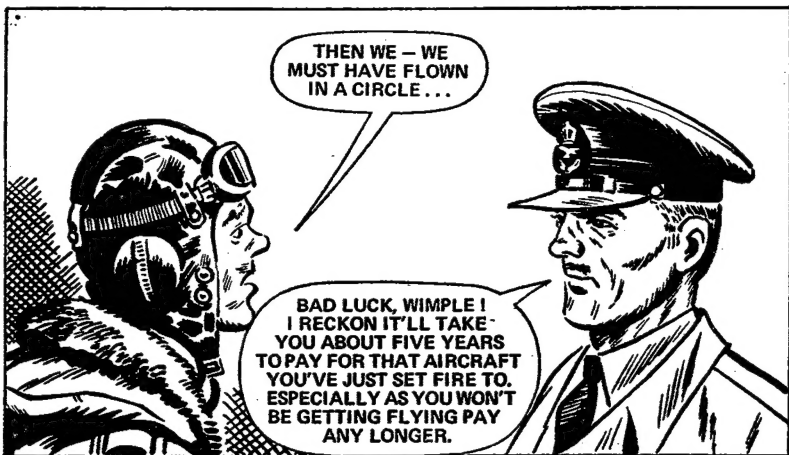
LET'S HOPE THEY DON'T FIND US. I DON'T RECKON THEY'LL BE VERY HAPPY ABOUT HAVING BOMBS DROPPED ON THEM.

THEY HAD HARDLY CLOSED THE BIG BARN DOOR WHEN THERE WAS A SCREECH OF BRAKES OUTSIDE.

JERRIES ! THEY'VE FOUND US !

TRY TO FIND SOMEWHERE TO HIDE !

BUT BEFORE THEY COULD MAKE A MOVE...



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